

the dish of food he was most willing to battle with Garou—with twenty Garous.

The black dog's fangs gashed the huskie's neck at the first fierce snap. But the white dog, knowing of this thing and its ways, was up in the air like a bear, and his jaws closed on Garou's loins. The black was brought to the floor.

I watched the two, thinking that the indifferent Garou would take his lesson early and quit.

Henly was up on the table—the missionary spirit al-layed by the English interest of a battle.

Suddenly the huskie shot into the air, his grip of the loin broken, and a hind foot crushed to pulp.

"The black devil! nailed him by the foot!" I heard Henly say.

Next the huskie's teeth were buried in Garou's back; the black dog's huge jaws swept downward, and I heard a bone crushed like a pipestem, the noise drowned by a whine of agony from the huskie.

I seized a stick of firewood and aimed a blow at Garou's head. I missed, and was thrown half under the table as the fighting brutes swept against my legs.

Then my camp stove was rolled to its side, and the pipes clattered to the floor. The turmoil was terrific. Now up on their hind legs they clinched and tore at each other's throats; now down on the planks, the black always underneath, trying for the foreleg of his enemy.

I was up again raining blows upon the mad brutes. I might as well have battered two wolves. Again Garou closed on a leg with his iron jaws, and again I heard the bone crushed.

The white dog was done for. As he sought to rise with a game effort, he pitched forward on his shoulder, and Garou had him by the throat, his teeth set like a vise.

By the hind legs I dragged Garou out to the chip yard—dragged the two of them, for the black's hold was a hold of death.

The insatiate ferocity of Garou angered me. I sprang for my Winchester, but as I threw it up to my hip there was a slipping step behind me, a hand was laid on my arm, and the harsh voice of Lone Man said: "Don' do dat, my fren'; de train dog is free from de gun." Then, before I could retort, the breed's voice bellowed, "A'tim! Marse!" Garou's jaws loosened; he slunk away cowering, his eyes fixed apprehensively upon Gabrieu.

"Don't kill him, sir; I'll buy him," Henly broke in.

"No, no," Gabrieu interrupted, "I mus' tak' him back. I bring de money an' give you."

"You can't have him," I retorted. "I give him to you, Henly—I don't want the brute."

Gabrieu's heavy face settled into its habitual sullenness, and without another word he turned on his heel and strode away.

In three days Henly pulled out for Wapiscaw, going down the Athabasca in a canoe with two Indians. With him went Garou.

The next forenoon I saw from my shack door the Mission lad's Indians leaning to the leather collars of the tracking line as they crept, ant-like, up to the farther bank of the river. Something had happened. Was the boy ill?

On past my shack they took half-a-mile of lee-way, then in the canoe cut across the swift rushing current, and landed at my feet, as I stood in apprehension at the water's edge.

"What's wrong, lad?" I cried.

"Is Garou here?—I've lost him."

I answered angrily, "No, I haven't seen the beast."

"He cleared out last night, and I was jolly sure he had hit the back trail for your camp"

"He wasn't worth coming back for," I declared.

Henly waited till the next morning; but there was no sign of Garou, and once again the Englishman hit the water trail for Wapiscaw.

In August, with Cayuse Brown as guide, I floated down the Athabasca toward the stalking ground of big game.

On the third day we pulled our Peterboro' canoe up the low mud bank at Pelican portage. We had brought mail for Wapiscaw, and it had been arranged that a messenger from that post would meet us on this date at the portage.

Higher up, on a shelf of the terraced valley, was a log storehouse of the H. B. Co., and beside it a gentle blue ribbon of smoke fluttered softly skyward from a tangle of red willow.

"The Wapiscaw outfit's here, right enough," Cayuse said, nodding toward the evidence of camp fire. And presently the English Henly came down the poplar-

studded slope and greeted me with enthusiasm. He had come himself for the mail.

In half-an-hour the young missionary, with his two Indians, climbed from our sight up the thick-wooded hill to his canoe, that was a mile away on the Pelican River.

We made camp for the night; in our ears the sonorous song of Pelican Rapids, where the waters boomed at the sounding rocks a mile and a half below.

As Cayuse sliced little white slabs of bacon, he suddenly dropped his knife, stood erect, and peered into the wolf-willow undergrowth.

"If I ain't got 'em again there's a b'ar prowlin'," he grunted.

As we stood motionless, gazing at the bushes, a big, black form slipped cautiously to the open, and stood with lowered head eyeing us suspiciously.

"My God! if that's not The Cast may I be lariatied with a squaw's shoe string," swore Cayuse.

"Who's The Cast?" I asked.

"Lone Man's locoed pup."

I started. Yes, the glint of evening light showed me the white streak in his forehead. "Garou!" I ejaculated.

"You've called the turn, pard—Loup Garou!" Cayuse reached for his gun and raised it to his shoulder.

"Don't shoot him, Cayuse," I said.

"Different here; I shoot no nichie's dog; an' I'm not takin' on Lone Man's grudge, neither."

"But—"

Cayuse interrupted me: "I'm goin' to nip the trail at his toes. I'd rather camp with Old Nick than sleep with that cast-off wolf prospectin' the outfit."

As he ceased speaking a red tongue darted from the black mouth of his Winchester; a puff of dust spat upward from the dog's feet, and with a huge bound the animal disappeared. I drew a breath of relief.

As Cayuse fried the bacon I told him of my experience with this dog that seemed shrouded in an atmosphere of mystery.

"How d'ye touch Lone Man wrong in the fust place?" Cayuse questioned.

"Why?"

"Cause if Gabrieu outfitted you with that devil he'd got it in for you big an' plenty; you can bet your bead-worked soul he meant doin' you up. An' as fer dogs raidin' yer grubstake, it was this same pup that led 'em. There ain't no nichie from here to Fort Resolution but what'd like to see that huskie dead."

"Why don't they poison him?"

"Say, Boss, don't they cache their eyes under a blanket at night, allowin' they're skippin' Geitchie Manitou? Well, that's just why they don't monkey none with this black imp. Besides, it's agin the laws of health to trifle with Lone Man's property. Not but what it's come to pass that dope's been sent out so's to come the dog's way; but he's slicker 'n forty wolves, an' seven wolverines, an' the slipperiest kind of a human. You can't fix up a dope-bait he'll take. He was cast from the police-train-dogs for bein' bad. There ain't nobody in the Northwest 'cept Gabrieu would trust himself alone in the bush with that devil."

"It's a good job he deserted Henly then," I said.

"Deserted nuthin'; you can bet yer whiskers Gabrieu stole him back."

"Why should he do that, Brown?"

"Well, Gabrieu's a nichie, ain't he—an' he plays agin the man he don't like. This kid of a sky-pilot sort a-teeped in with him when they planted his brother. Perhaps he sort-a felt the Cockney had staked him a bit in the Happy Huntin' Ground, an' he didn't want Garou chewin' the Englisher up."

The hot sun had drawn his yellow robes about his shoulders and stalked from our sight over the brow of the western uplands. The singing agents of unrest, the mosquitoes clouded the air rising in fierce strength with the slow-growing gloom of the coming night. A coyote whimpered plaintively from a spruce-covered point of land that cut the river into a bay above our camp. Cayuse had staked out our mosquito bars, and spread the rubber sheets and blankets.

"Now I lay me pretty soon," he drawled lazily, heaping moss on the smudge fire till clouds of suffocating smoke rose in vain battle with the ever-returning creatures of torment. Then he rolled his coat into a pillow, and, stretched on his blanket, lay driving the last mosquito from his curtain with the fumes of a black pipe.

As I sat and smoked the pipe of reflection, the sinister image of the black dog persistently present in my